COMPOSED IN MEMORY OF THE
VICTIMS OF THE DISASTER,
AT LONDON, ONT. MAY 24TH 1881.

FAREWELL

(ADIEU.)

R. I. P.

MEDITATION FOR PIANO

COMPOSED BY

S. MAZURETTE.

AUTHOR OF

Op. 137. *"Eternal Smiles." (Meditation.) "The Silence of Glory." (Meditation.) etc. etc.*

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DETROIT, MICH.
C. J. WHITNEY & Co, 40 FORT ST. WEST.

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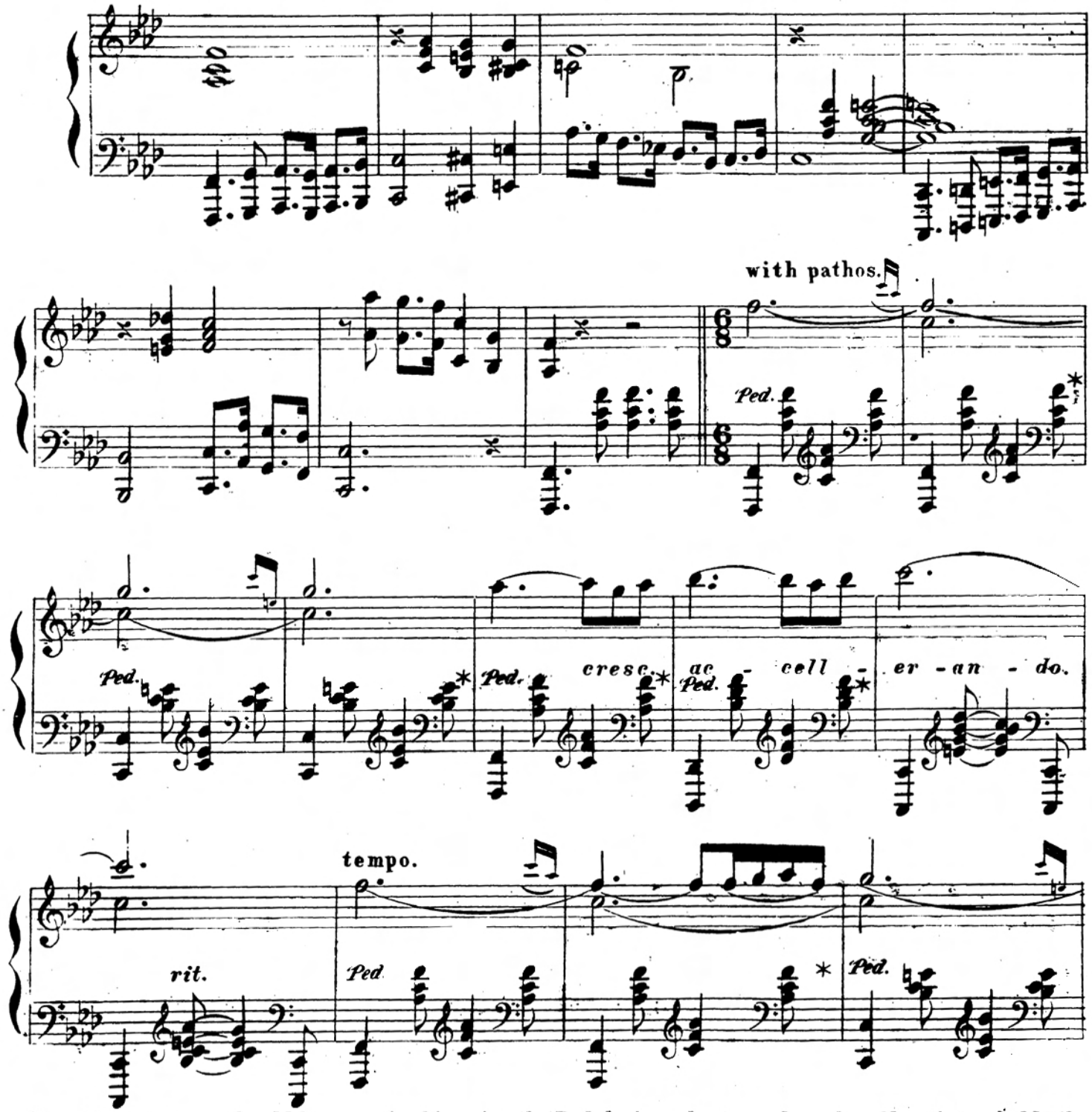
FAREWELL.

MEDITATION.

Composed in memory of the victims of the disaster at London, Ontario May 24th 1881 by

S. MAZURETTE. Op: 137.

INTRODUCTION.
Slow, dignified and solemn.



N.B. Especial care should be exercised in using the Pedals, in order to produce the effect intended by the author.

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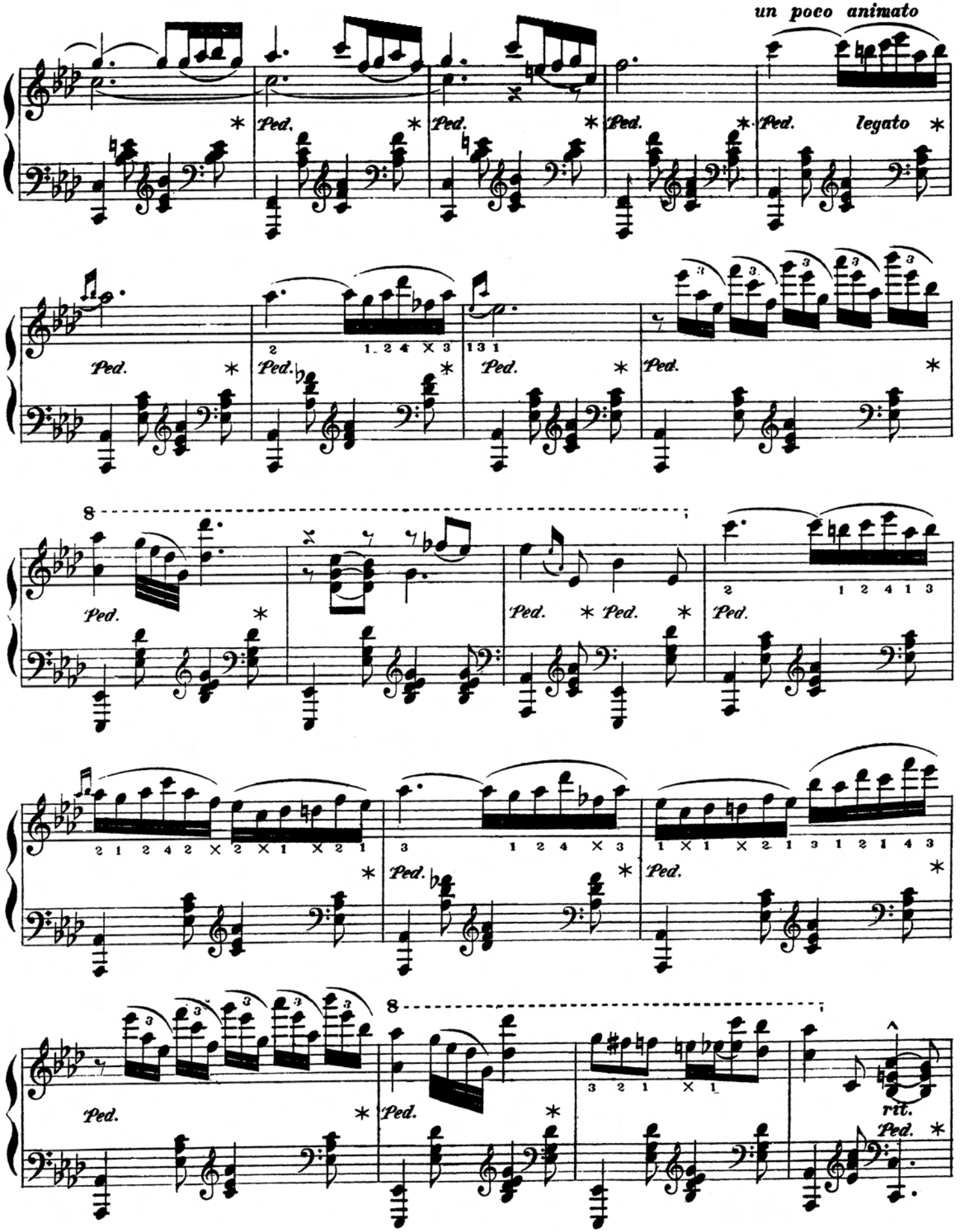
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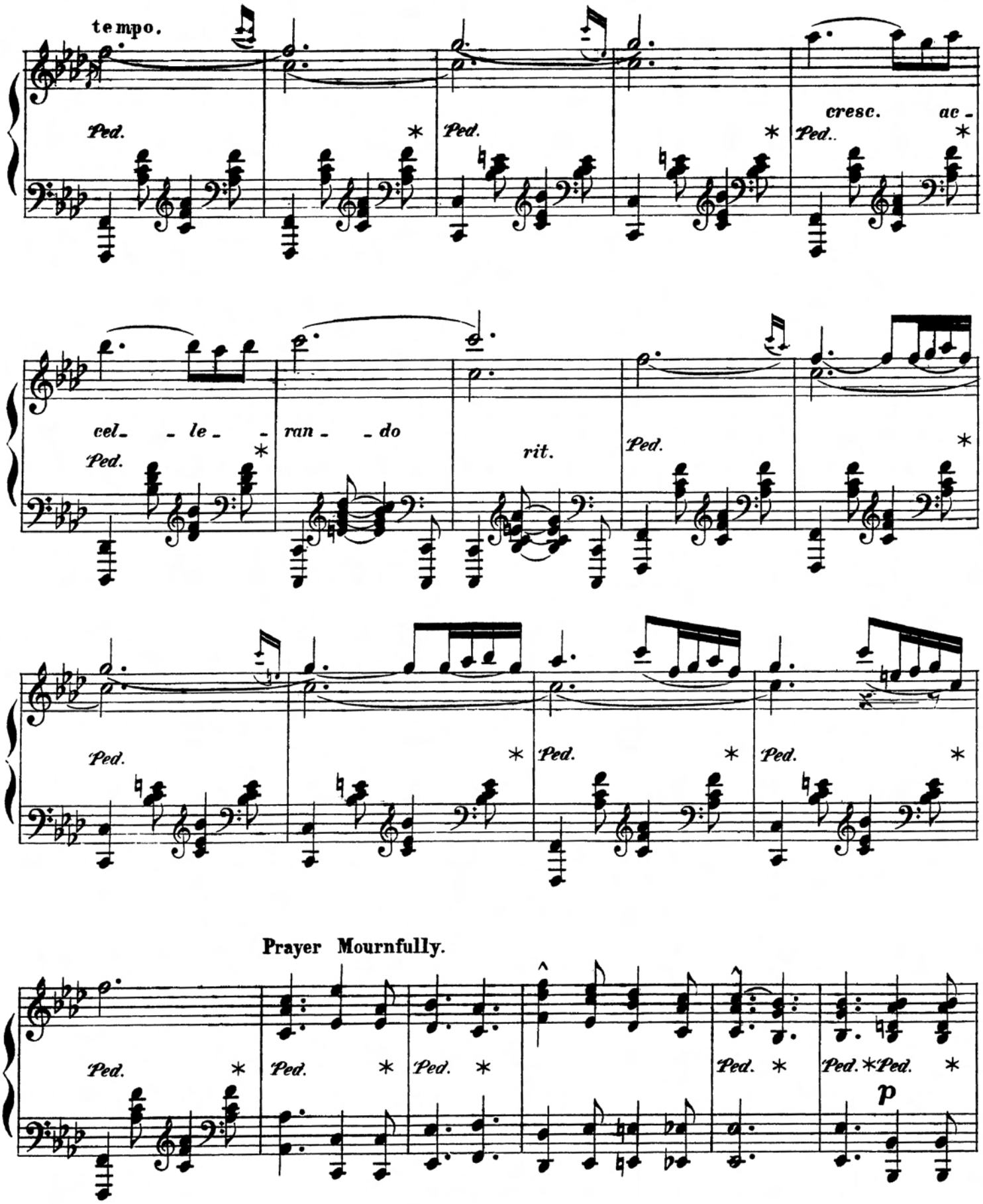
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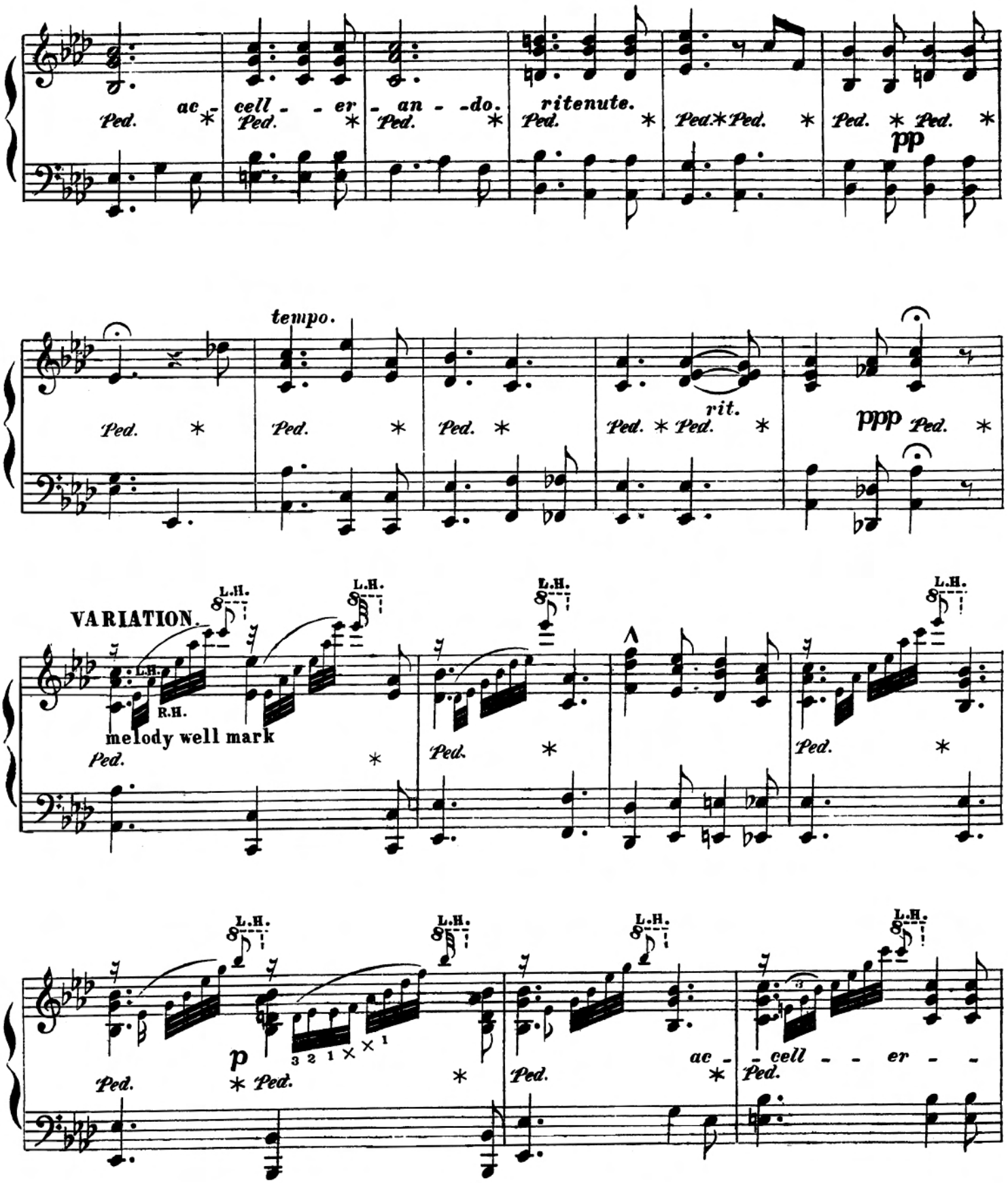
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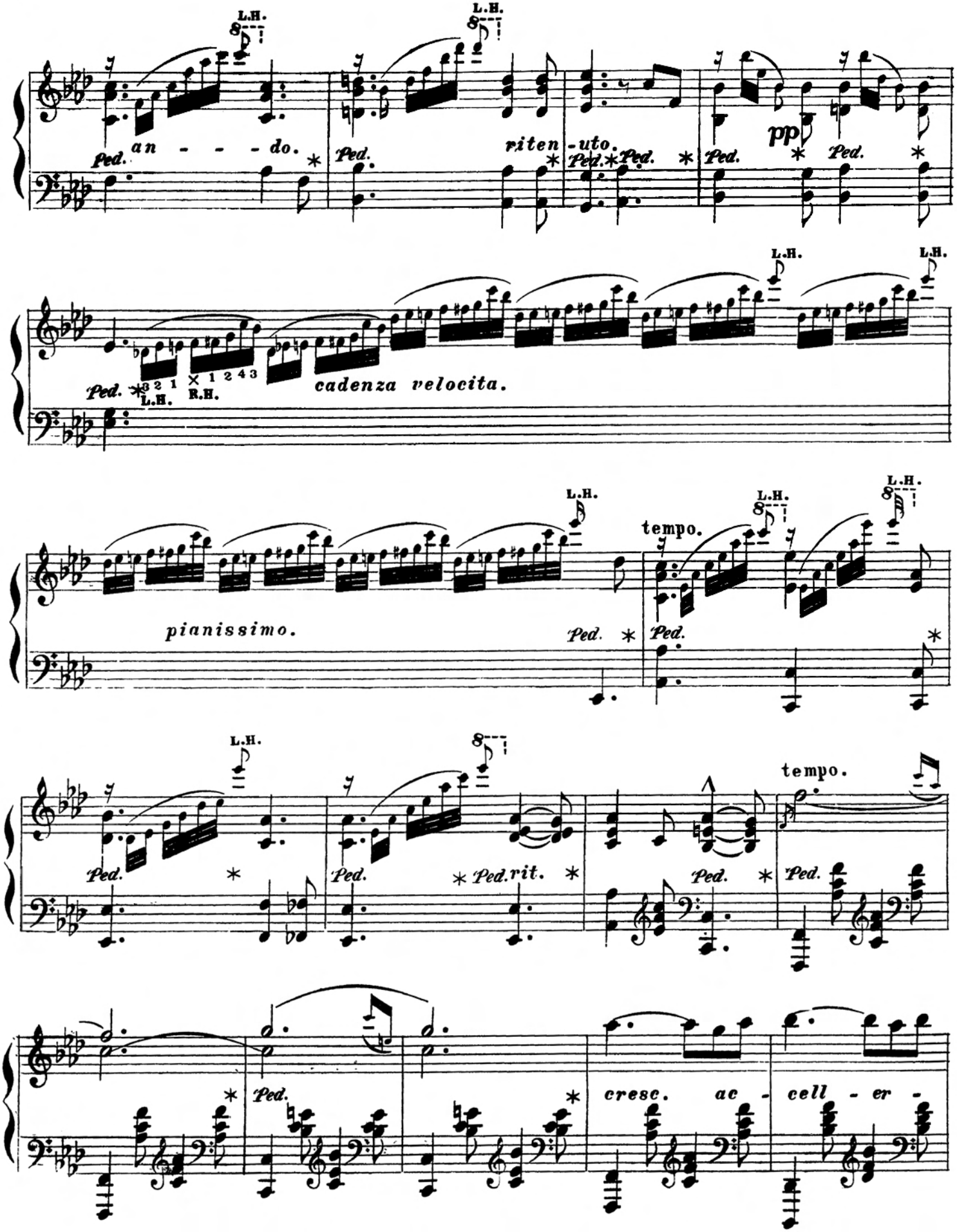
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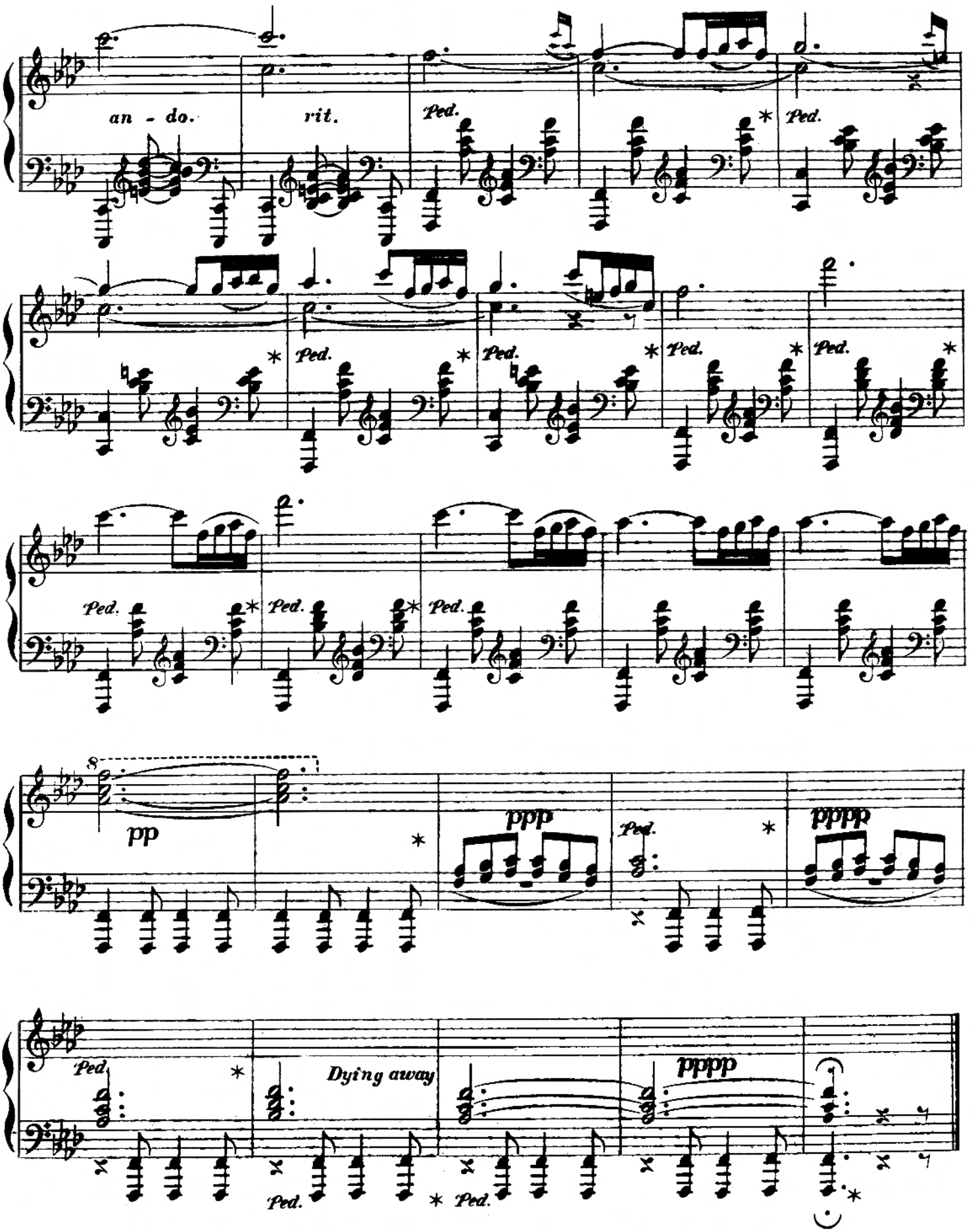
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Dying away

IN MEMORIAM.

MAY 24TH 1881.

Oh brilliant sky, O happy day,
O joyous hearts that overflow!
No cloud to dim the sun's bright ray,
No cloud to bring a thought of woe.

II.

Dear happy souls, as bright as flowers,
How free your thoughts from every care,
While converse sweet beguiles the hours,
And rippling laughter fills the air!

III.

O joyous hearts upon the wave!
The vessel bears you swiftly on—
She bears you onward to your grave,
Her grave and yours ere set of sun!—

IV.

Dear Lord, the crash!—then shriek on shriek,—
And groans half stifled in the wave,
That, pitiless, engulphs the weak,
And overwhelms the struggling brave!

V.

Here ends the old man's honored life,
His gray hair dripping in the flood,
The young man with his sweet-heart wife;
The mother with her tender brood.

VI.

The strong man struggles, but must yield,
The sweet babe gasps, and all is o'er;—
O Christ, in mercy be their shield!
Their shield and ours forevermore.

VII.

We pray for them in anguish deep,
And for ourselves, who suffer most:
They fought their fight, but now they sleep—
We mourn for aye the loved and lost.

VIII.

A nation's grief joins with our own,
Our heartfelt sobs the whole world hears,
A mighty Queen bends from her throne,
And weeps in sympathetic tears.

IX.

O day of dirge! O day of pain!
O day of sorrow evermore!
O day of tears that fall in vain!
O day of grief and mourning sore!

X.

Were there no balm for such deep grief,
No Heaven to which our hopes ascend:
Were Christ's sweet promises no relief,
And were this life the bitter end:

XI.

O then indeed our mourning might
Be hopeless, and beyond our strength,
But standing in the Gospel's light
We feel that we shall meet at length:

XII.

Meet in a brighter world than this,
Where pain and partings never come,
And every breath and thought is bliss:—
There, there at last shall be our home!

Detroit, Michigan. *MARY PRENTIS.*

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